

**The  
Southampton  
University  
College  
Magazine**

**Vol. XX. No. 51**

**Summer Term, 1920**



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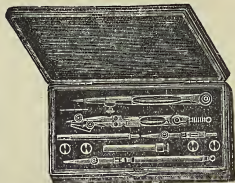
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## CONTENTS.

<i>Page</i>	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL NOTES.....45	SOCIETY NOTES AND REPORTS (CONT'D)—
OUR FAREWELL TO DR. HILL .....46	CRICKET .....64
AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING .....48	SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.....65
THE TRAGIC TALE OF AN HOSTELLITE 53	THE INTER-VARSITY DEBATE AT
POEMS:—	CARDIFF .....65
" SLEEPING OUT ".....54	ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY .....66
" A NIGHT IN MARCH " .....54	MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB .....66
LAPSUS LINGUE.....55	ENGINEERING SOCIETY .....67
QUOTATIONS APROPOS .....56	CHRISTIAN UNION.....68
THE KING OF INSTRUMENTS .....59	UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTH-
ALMA MATER .....61	AMPTON WAR MEMORIAL.....68
SOCIETY NOTES AND REPORTS—	MEN'S COMMON ROOM .....69
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB .....64	LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY 70
	THE DEBATE AT MANCHESTER.....71

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## Summer Term, 1920.

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*Sub-Editor*—MISS M. WALLIS

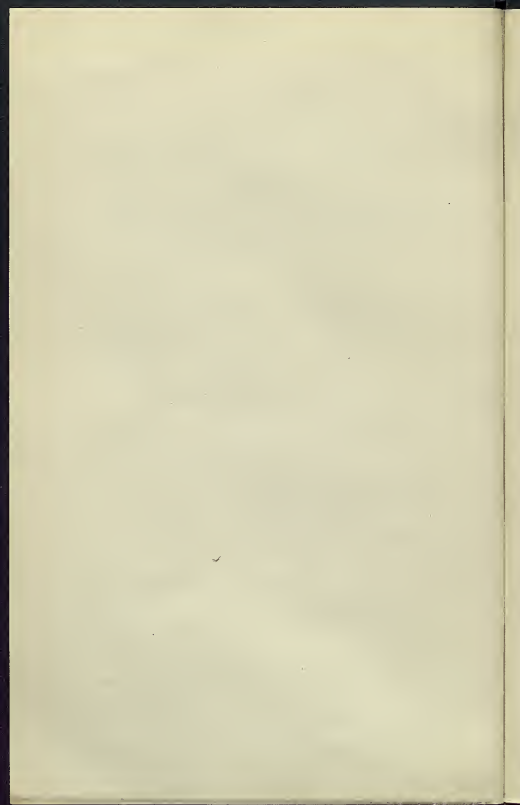
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All contributions for the next number should be addressed to the SUB-EDITOR of the Magazine, University College, Southampton.

All communications regarding ADVERTISEMENTS or SUBSCRIPTIONS should be addressed to the SECRETARY of the Magazine, University College, Southampton



# The Southampton University College Magazine

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We regret that the hope we expressed in our last issue has had, unfortunately, to be allowed to go unfulfilled. Conditions are not yet normal, and the publication of the magazine had last term to be suspended owing to a very prosaic reason—lack of funds to pay the enhanced cost of production. It is with the greatest of pleasure that we are able to bring this issue to light, and the Committee earnestly hope that what is lacking in quantity will be made up in quality.

This issue must needs open with a word of regret at the recent departure of Dr. Hill, who, during the time he was amongst us, endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. Abler pens than ours have, in various places, expressed genuine regret at the departure of our late Chief. So we will content ourselves by stating how really sorry we are that he has left us, and by wishing him every success in his new sphere of labour.

While expressing our regret at the departure of Dr. Hill, it would be unfitting were we not to extend a very hearty welcome to his successor, who comes to us with a distinguished record behind him. To our new Principal we wish every success during his stay in Southampton, which, we hope, will be a lengthy one, and we hope that the bonds which linked Principal and Students together in former days will not be loosened one whit.

This term, for many of us, is full of regrets, as it will mark the close of our College careers, with the many associations which have been formed during their course. When the time comes for us to say "*au revoir*"—for are there not such things as re-unions to enable us to renew our old associations?—we can confidently entrust the glorious old College traditions to those who are remaining, sure in the knowledge that they are in safe keeping, and that they will ever be kept green by succeeding generations of "*Hartleyans*." And so we can always look back to our College days with the keenest of pleasure, and repeat the old slogan:

*"Bravo, Hartley! Hartley, bravissimo!"*

P. C. W.

We have been requested to publish the following letter:—

University College,  
Southampton.

Dear Mr. Wright,

January 12th.

I accept your apologies for publishing the last issue of the Magazine over my signature without submitting a copy to me in proof. Obviously the person, whose name appears upon the cover as Editor, must take full responsibility for the contents. Now many things, which are unobjectionable as between students, become of questionable taste when countersigned by a member of the staff. Many quips that are harmless enough to those who know the allusion of the jest, may scarcely merit the stamp of semi-official approval. Upon thinking the matter over, I am strongly of the opinion that the editing of the magazine should be entirely in the hands of students. Will you kindly publish this letter in your next issue, as an explanation of my withdrawal?

Yours sincerely,

G. FRANK FORSEY.

We would remind future contributors to the Mag. that it is desirable that all contributions should be signed by the authors. These names are not necessarily for publication, but merely to vouch for their authenticity. All such names will be received in strict confidence.

EDITOR.

We note with pleasure that Professor Shelley, our former Professor of Education and Philosophy, has been appointed to a similar post in New Zealand. We believe his appointment is the first of its kind to be made in the Colonies, and we beg to offer Mr. Shelley our heartiest congratulations.

Professor Sutherland has resigned the chair of Biology in order to take up a post under the Board of Education. While expressing our deep regret at his departure from amongst us, we offer him our best wishes for his success in his new position.



## OUR FAREWELL TO DR. HILL.

Those are rare occasions in the life of a College when it bids farewell to its Head, and we are, perhaps, entitled to consider ourselves rather unlucky in meeting with this necessity during our own short College careers. Especially is this so when we consider that our late Prinnie, well as we knew and loved him, has had a comparatively short stay with us, though, indeed, a busy one.

The occasion of our farewell presentations on March 19th, was, therefore, a trifle melancholy. However, we are on all



occasions bound to come out strong, and who shall deny our strength on that bright spring day? What a flourishing "crocodile" it was—its head was burrowing into the inner recesses of the building, while its tail still flaunted gaily round the flag-pole, and all the time—as someone facetiously remarked of the respected senior at the head—there was "Satan leading on."

The singing of the College song opened the formal proceedings, after we had gathered round the temporary platform in front of the building. Professor Eustice then referred to some of the more remarkable changes which had been associated with Dr. Hill's holding of the position of Principal. Some of us, I think, were surprised to hear how much he really had done.

"We are sorry he is going," said the Vice-Principal, "but we are pleased he is taking up such useful work." Dr. Hill intends to devote his whole time and energies to the Universities' Bureau, created by him eight years ago.

Mr. Williamson, who presented the Principal with a gold watch and chain, fountain pen, and a gold fusee box, on behalf of the staff and students, expressed the overwhelming feeling of sorrow and regret which the College feels at its loss. We lose not only a competent and sympathetic Head, but also a personal friend. The speaker, as one who knew the College before Dr. Hill's coming, mentioned the extraordinary improvements effected by him, including the change in status and the removal to our present site. The presentation was then made as a token of our esteem and good wishes for the future.

Miss Aubrey then expressed the regret of the ladies in College at losing, in addition to the friendship of Dr. Hill, the kindly interest of Mrs. and Miss Hill, which had shown itself in many ways. As tokens of regret at their departure, Miss Aubrey presented to Miss Hill a bowl of flowers for the sick-room of her mother, and Miss Grant presented her with a handbag.

The Prinnie rose to reply, but was unable to speak for some minutes. The cheering was the main cause of this, and when he at length found words, he said: "I hav'n't any speech in me, you have taken it away altogether." After a pause, he lamented the hard fate which compelled him to choose between the College—now so attractive—and the Universities' Bureau. The College, he believed, would pass to better hands, but he could not picture anyone else taking up the work of the Bureau. He left with the utmost regret, fully appreciating that loyal support of staff and students which had enabled him to carry out whatever he had planned to do for the College. As Dr. Hill sat down, "For he's a jolly good fellow" broke out spontaneously.

Miss Hill returned thanks for the gifts to her mother and herself, and the National Anthem concluded the proceedings. A permanent record of the occasion was made by a large group photograph, and we dispersed after a final "Gobbli" round the Prinnie.

R. E. T.



## AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

*(Scene: The interior of a tent in the camp of the Athenian Army near Delium. It is just on the hour of "lights out." From the other tents arise a subdued babble of voices and snatches of choruses from Aristophanes' latest. The occupants of the tent are divesting themselves of armour and tunics, and are laying out their cloaks as beds.)*

PLATO (*he wears the insignia of a bombardier or lance-corporal in the Athenian Heavy Catapult Corps*).—Are all now within, O Phaedo?

PHAEDO.—Yea, O Plato, all except our friend, a man, as we may say, the best of all his time that we have known; and, moreover, the most wise and just.

PLATO.—Socrates? Whither hath he gone? Already he doeth three days' punishment for arguing with the officer of the Eleven. I fear lest he become entangled in worse trouble.

CRITO.—An hour ago he rose up, saying his daemon urged him like a gadfly to go and hold discourse with the Quartermaster-Sergeant, if so be he might by dialectic persuade him to substitute new sandals for those partly worn, and by maieutic art deliver him of a cardigan.

PROTAGORAS.—Tut-tut. I saw him since then going, as it were, to the canteen which men call wet. He bade me accompany him. By the tossing of an obol it was fated that I should pay thrice in succession. Whereupon I left him engaged in argument with an ancient hoplite, as to whether it were seemly that one should salute with both hands at once when passing between two officers of equal rank and seniority.

PHAEDO.—And how, O Protagoras, did the master convince the aged one?

XENEPHON (*he is the "Old Bill" of the Battery, and considers that he has forgotten more about soldiering than the rest ever knew*).—And wot the 'Ades does 'e know abaht milingtary lor? All that 'ere is laid dahn in Archon's Regulations—as amended in 398—but I 'specs you rookies never 'eard tell of it.

CRITOBULUS.—Ha! tell me, O Xenephon, what dost thou use with which to burnish thy breast-plate—"soldiers' friend," perchance?

XENEPHON.—No, mate, I uses a preparation of my own, wot I brought from Persia. Used it all through the h'Anabasis affair, when soldierin' was soldierin'—not playing abaht at boy scouts, like this blinkin' issue.

PLATO.—I am perturbed and greatly distressed in my soul lest something befall him. And now it draweth nigh the hour of "lights out," Zeus avert that he should be without the tent and it become known to the Orderly-Sergeant. He would be arraigned before the Council and fined, or cast into the guard-tent.

PHAEDO.—Yea, and our master is such a one, and none other, that if he thinks it his duty, and the cooty gadfly prompts him, he will in no wise hesitate in telling the Colonel that which he thinks concerning him.

(*Trumpets sound without.*)

PLATO.—"To the ravens!" I say. The "lights out" is sounding and he cometh not. Protagoras, extinguish the torch.

CRITOBULUS (*whispering*).—Xenephon, thy thorax shineth like the shield of Phœbus—it surpasseth all in the host. Fain would I know the secret of its glory?

XENEPHON (*complacently*).—I uses a little sand and olive oil; then I rubs over wif a soft rag, and finishes wif a little fine chalk. You don't want to get too much on yer rag, just—

PLATO.—Peace, I pray thee, O Xenephon, Peace! The call has sounded—get thee to sleep!

XENEPHON.—That's all right, Corporal, don't you go gettin' the wind up; the orderly bloke ain't been rahnd yet.

CRITOBULUS (*sotto voce*).—Harken, Xenephon, I am one of those whom the urn has destined to stand on guard to-morrow. Wilt thou burnish my panoply, and I will give thee largesse?

XENEPHON.—'Ow much, cock?

CRITOBULUS.—Oh, two obols, perchance.

XENEPHON.—Ho yes! An' then you blinkin' well woke up, mate!

CRITOBULUS.—Well, four?

XENEPHON.—Make it six. Olive oil's up, on account of the war.

PLATO.—Silence, I say! Footsteps are approaching.

XENEPHON.—Orl right! Orl right! (Muttering.) Some blokes' heads get bigger nor their 'elmets when they puts up a stripe. No names, no pack-drill—'ad it frowed at me in Persia; an' I wouldn't pick it up.

*(Sound of approaching footsteps grows louder, and a stick beats on the tent outside.)*

VOICE WITHOUT.—Ho, within! Are all present?

PLATO.—All that are here are present, O Sergeant.

OFFICER.—What meaneth the equivocal knave? Who is it that answereth thus?

SERGEANT.—It's that swankin' toff from the Academy—the bloke you gave the stripe to last week, sir. 'E always talks like this 'ere—can't 'elp hisself. It's his h'education wot does it. *(Looking inside the tent flap.)* 'Ere, Corporal, none of your lip. Are all your Section in?

PLATO.—Yea, O Sergeant.

OFFICER.—Well, why in Zeus' name didn't you say so? Good-night!

ALL.—Good-night, sir.

XENEPHON.—Goo' night, sir—and blind you! That's the perisher wot gave me seven days for being improperly dressed in the h'Agora the night I drewed my proficiency pay. Blimme! when I looks arahnd me and sees the things wot they gives commissions and stripes to in this blinkin' war! Wouldn't have them in the Sanitary Squad in my ole crush out in Persia!

PLATO.—Hold thy peace, O Xenophon!

XENEPHON.—Ho, orl right! Kiss me, Corporal!

PLATO.—Peace, I say! Now, whether have I done what is just or, on the contrary, unjust, what is the ultimate value of truth and the tests thereof? Is it value for itself, as one may say, absolutely, or as tending to some end or relevancy? If I tell the verbal truth, and say, "Lo, Socrates is out," I am false in my soul to the well-being of my friend. If I speak a verbal lie in words only, I am nevertheless true in the sphere of friendship. Which, therefore, is the greater truth: truth to the idea, or truth to the friend? But then someone, Adeimantus or Glaucon, may say "A lance-corporal ought not to have a private soldier as friend."

XENEPHON.—I say—'ark at Foch!

PLATO.—Xenophon!

XENEPHON.—Orl right, Corporal.

PLATO.—Nay, it is a thing of no account to assert that a matter is all right, seeing that it is all wrong.

XENEPHON.—Wot, ain't a bloke to say his prayers, then?

PLATO.—If so be thou speakest another word I will give orders to two of these to arise and gird on side-arms, and to cast thee into the place which men call "clink."

XENEPHON.—Good-night, Corporal.

PHAEDO.—Oh, Xenophon, go to sleep! Thou wilt grouse exceedingly loudly at Cock-crow, when "gun-fire" is served, and we go to the palaestra for physical jerking.

PLATO.—I marvel where Socrates has got to, and I tremble exceedingly lest, the Orderly-Sergeant having apprehended him, I should appear the less truthful.

*(The flap of the tent is opened cautiously; a leg is inserted, followed unsteadily by the figure of Socrates.)*

PLATO.—Lo! here he is. Where the Pluto hast thou been, old dog-face?

SOCRATES *(seating himself with dignity and difficulty)*.—Wasser masser?

XENEPHON *(starting up with alacrity)*.—Blimme—'e's canned! That's wot it is, the ole perisher is tin-batted!

PLATO.—Socrates! And after all that thou did'st discourse so truly upon temperance and virtue!

PHAEDO.—Alas! The Army is responsible for much.

PLATO.—Oh, Socrates! Would that I had drunken, and not thou!

XENEPHON.—And me too—not 'arf!

SOCRATES (*sitting on the ground and rubbing his head*).—What an unaccountable thing, my friends, this seems to be which men call Pleasure, and how wonderfully it is related towards that which appears to be its contrary—Pain—in that they will not both be present to a man at the same time; yet, if anyone pursues and attains the one, he is almost always compelled to receive the other.

XENEPHON (*assisting Socrates to undress*).—That's right, mate; but you wait till you wakes, to-morrow.

SOCRATES.—Plato, we owe a cock to Æsculapius.

PLATO.—What meanest thou, idiot?

SOCRATES.—I'm "going sick" in the morning.

PLATO.—Tell me, O Socrates, did the Orderly Officer with those that go the rounds chance to meet thee by the way?

SOCRATES.—Yea, and I reasoned with him touching this matter, and reduced him to confusion of utterance. As for the brawling knave with triple stripes who accompanied him, I answered him not a word, but took hold of his master and argued concerning "lights out," showing him clearly that though, in a manner of speaking, it was *after* "lights out," yet was it also not *after*, but *before*, seeing that it will be sounded again to-morrow, which is not yet?

PLATO (*wrapping his head in his cloak and bursting into tears*).—Alas!—aie, aie—can you not, Socrates, when you go from us, lead a silent and a quiet life?

(*Xenophon, with the adroitness which comes of experience tenderly divests Socrates of his clothing and puts him in bed.*)

XENEPHON.—You're for it, Corporal, orl right. And to think of whiskers 'ere! Never mind, mate, they say as 'ow you never are a soldier till you 'as 'ad three drunks and a court-martial. 'Old up, while I gets your toonic off.

(*He lays Socrates down and covers him with his cloak, returning to his own corner chuckling, while the rest of the Section sit up and weep softly. The faint strumming of a seven-string lyre and distant sounds of laughter come from the Officers' Mess Marquee, where the Adjutant is cheating the Subalterns at Kottabos.*)

SOCRATES.—Weep not, my friends, but meditate on this one truth: that to a good man nothing is evil, nor are his concerns neglected by the gods. And what has befallen me is not the effect of chance; but this is clear to me, that to drink and to be freed from my cares is better for me. But now it is time to go to sleep—for me, who am drunken, and for you, who are sober—but which of us is in a better state is unknown to everyone but Zeus.

XENEPHON.—And 'e wouldn't tell you for less than a pint.

Extract from Battery Orders of the following date:—

242. No. 10006 Bombardier Plato has been deprived of his stripe for neglect of duty.

No. 10007 Gunner Socrates forfeits seven days' pay for being absent from his tent at "lights out," and is awarded seven days' field punishment, No. 2, for insolence and assaulting a non-commissioned officer.

LUCIAN.



## THE TRAGIC TALE OF A HOSTELLITE.

*Does she live in a Hostel, then? (Old Song.)*

Can you doubt it? See what wealth of experience she goes through even before 9 a.m. ("She" is one of the many hard-working students always to be found in Highfield Hall.) She has already asked an Early Bird to call her at 6.45, as she intends to get up and do some work.

6.45 a.m.—A knock at the door. "It's a quarter to seven, Jane. Are you awake?" "Thank you," answers a sleepy voice, whose owner slowly, but surely, turns over and yields to the persuasions of Morpheus.

7.40 a.m.—A knock at the door. No answer. The Early Bird, who has been catching the worms of historical knowledge for three-quarters of an hour, but has missed Jane, enters with a wet sponge. Jane makes good use of her tongue and drives out the intruder, who yells back a final taunt, "It's one minute to the quarter!" Jane is silenced, and devotes all her energies to the accomplishment of doing fifteen minutes' work in one.

She succeeds so far, but her floating tresses are still unbound when sounds of a breakfast-bell creep in her ears. Jane struggles valiantly with her coiffure, and, having arranged it in

a "simple knot," and flung on that garment which has least hooks on it, dashes downstairs, to find sixty-seven girls and the Head of the Household awaiting her in silence. To her great relief, she finds another defaulter, so they enter together, thankful to find vacant places at hand. Jane breathes a sigh of relief when she sits down at last, and thinks that she has found peace.

"Jane, you're orderly!" the senior in charge reminds her, and Jane, in a fit of nervous terror lest her hair should come down, proceeds with her work, cruelly conscious of the fact that she has forgotten to put a belt on! The end comes at last, however, and she leaves the breakfast-table with a feeling of thankfulness that she is at last free to "get straight."

(N.B.—Cases like this are very, very rare among Hostellites, of course!)



## POEMS.

### "SLEEPING OUT."

The green turf is his bed, and he rests his head  
On his pack or a sod of earth.  
His blanket is light—a covering of night—  
And he sleeps 'mid fairy dance and mirth.

Keeping watch o'er his bed, shine the stars overhead,  
Darken'd oft-times by clouds creeping by.  
And the Moon peeping through the deep-shadowed blue  
Sees the wand'rer and breathes him a sigh.

---

### "A NIGHT IN MARCH."

Not a breeze disturbs the calm, cool depths  
Of this most lovely night.  
The moon from a cloudless Heaven lends  
To earth her shimmering light,  
And countless far-off flickering stars  
Uncover to the sight.

A restful silence covers all,  
Save where, from distant tower,  
To the listener's ear a single bell  
Gives warning of the hour;  
And peace enwraps in a sleepy spell  
The woodland tree and flower.

K. H. L.



## LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

Though explosive, it does not explode with a visible bang.

Mr. Clarence Smith.

After all, in examination papers you often have questions.

Miss Hamilton.

Did you see Professor Cock in his coat-frock?

Miss Downing.

Every night he used to swim the Hellespont to see her, and once he was drowned..

Miss Aubrey.

He was his uncle by birth and his mother by marriage.

Miss Aubrey.

A darkish black colour.

Mr. Dudley.

I speak fluid French.

Miss Cooke.

All my buttons are stitched on with pins.

Miss M. Cole.

Keep close to your partner with a nice space in between.

Miss Moon.

I wish you wouldn't talk in hieroglyphics!

Miss A. Child.

You'll have to stay in bed to-morrow whether you get up or not.

Miss M. Wolfe.

Battle of Trafalgar, 1066.

Miss D. Gilbert

Water is not actually required, but is absolutely essential.

Prof. Boyd.

This is a white precipitate, which always comes down pale blue.

Prof. Boyd.

The first one will be No. 5.

Mr. Clarence Smith.

You add water to the solution until it becomes 100 per cent.

Idem.

Professor W—— has been away all day this week.

Mr. Akhurst.

Arrange the bar-magnets to form a three-sided square.

Mr. Spary.

In the case of a two-wheeled vehicle, such as a traction engine.

Mr. Mann.



## QUOTATIONS APROPOS.

### TERMINAL RESULTS.

" Ah! if a Providence doth sway this all,  
Why should best minds groan under most distress?"

W. Drummond. Sonnet.

RETURN TO COLLEGE AFTER VAC.

"This is that happy morn,  
This day, long wished day,  
Of all my life.

*W. Drummond.* "Summons to Love."

LECTURER ABSENT, STUDENT SAYS—

"Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be."

*Shakespeare.* Sonnet.

VAC.

"'Tis time to leave the books in dust."

*A. Marvell,* "On Cromwell's Return from Ireland."

AFTER TERMINALS.

"Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause!"

*John Milton.* "To Cyriac Skinner."

DURING HISTORY LECTURES (Second Year).

"Failure of Expedition due to bad beer," etc.

*Dr. Horrocks.*

"Bacchus' blessings are a treasure—  
Drinking is the soldiers' pleasure."

*JOHN DRYDEN.* "Alexander's Feast."

To U.C.S.

"I'll wear thy colours in my cap,  
Thy picture at my heart."

*Richard Graham.* Song.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

"Eternal spirit of the chainless mind."

*Byron.* "Castle of Chillon."

## SECOND YEAR'S "SCHEMING."

"No grandeur now in Nature or in book  
Delights us."

*William Wordsworth.* "London, 1802."

## FOOTER.

"Up and down, and back we went; never time for breath."  
*Kipling.* "Ballad of the Bolivar."

## MISS M-G----- ON THE HOCKEY FIELD.

"O, lift me from the grass!  
I die, I faint, I fail!"

*Shelley.* "Lines to an Indian Air."

## M.C.R.

"How calm it was . . ."

*Shelley.*

## SWOT.

"Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain  
Before high piled books."

*Keats.*

## MUSIC INSPECTION.

"Trembling notes ascend the sky."

*Dryden.*

## AFTER CRITS.

"Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose."

*Longfellow.*

## MEN'S CHORAL.

"With harsh din broke the fair music."

*Milton.*

P.T.

" . . . Now our life is only drest for show."  
*Wordsworth.*

MR. C-L--NS.

"To humbler functions . . . I call thee."  
*Wordsworth.*

IKEY.

"The double, double, double beat  
 Of the thundering drum."  
*Dryden.*

" WELSHIES " ON ST. DAVID'S DAY.

"Well lov'd they garlick, onions, and leeks"  
*Chaucer.*



## THE KING OF INSTRUMENTS.

When it was suggested to me that I should write an article on the organ, I at once saw the difficulty there would be of making such an article readable and comprehensible by those whose acquaintance with the instrument is necessarily small. However, I have undertaken the job in that hope that some, at any rate, may be interested and perhaps helped to understand the instrument a little better.

The origin of the instrument is best understood by consideration of a set of Pandean pipes, which are familiar to most. It will be remembered that these pipes gradually increase in length, and it would be found that the longest pipe produces the lowest note. It was an instrument such as this which is referred to in the Psalms as "the organ."

The next development was the introduction of bellows to force air through the pipes; these were at first very clumsy arrangements indeed. There are some quaint old pictures portraying the energetic efforts of organ-blowers in olden days,

who had sometimes to keep up a sort of relay race, as the top of the bellows slipped up and down!

Then came the first keyboard, the notes of which had to be thumped with the clenched fist. Even after centuries had elapsed an organist had to be somewhat of an athlete, and to change his linen after a performance. And even nowadays one comes across organs which require a considerable pressure of the fingers to lower the notes.

Besides the manuals, or hand keyboards of the organ, there is almost invariably a pedal-board, which is played by the feet. This was originated in Germany, and until recently the pedal department played a much more important role in organ playing on the Continent than was the case in England. Generally, though by no means always, the lowest or bass part of a piece of music is relegated to the pedals. The possibilities of the combined use of the feet and hands (and occasionally even the nose!) on the four manuals and pedal-board of a large modern instrument are enormous.

It is necessary at this point to explain an organ stop. Most people are familiar with the white knobs ranged on each side of the manuals of an organ. These operate the stops. The orchestra and organ might be compared thus: The conductor of an orchestra obtains expression and contrast of tone by calling into play different instruments and combinations of instruments; in like manner, the organist obtains expression and contrast by drawing different stops and combinations of stops. Each stop is a set of pipes of some particular pitch, degree of loudness, and variety of tone colour.

Developments and progress in the composition of organ music, as well as in the production of different classes of organ tone, made it desirable to have more than one manual. The existing manual (call the "choir") then consisted of quiet and sweet tone. When other more assertive stops were invented, these were placed on a second manual (called the "great") so that they could be used in contrast with those on the first.

Some stops of appropriate tone colour were now placed inside a box, the side or sides of which were formed of venetian shutters. These were operated with the right foot by means of a lever-pedal; and the sound could thus be made to swell out or die away at pleasure. These stops were placed on a third manual, which was called the "swell"—for obvious reasons.

The largest organs have a fourth manual called the "solo"; this is relegated to stops of a very distinctive and telling tone for use in solo passages. The organs in St. Paul's Cathedral,

Westminster Abbey, and a few others, have a fifth manual, called the "echo"; the stops are placed in a remote position and are of very soft tone, thus giving the effect of an echo to the other parts of the organ.

Thus we have seen that the modern organ may really consist of several "organs"; one relegated to each manual and one to the pedal. The variety of contrast and power obtainable from the organ of to-day is truly marvellous. The classes of tone colour favoured by the different countries in which the organ occupies a prominent place are widely different, as would be expected when the varying temperaments of the peoples are considered.

The larger metal pipes of an organ lend themselves to purposes of design, and there are some beautiful organ cases to be found in Europe. A fine example is that in St. Paul's Cathedral, and it is noticeable that in the larger churches in France the organ plays an important part among the architectural beauties of the building for which it is designed.

The fact that one man is able to cope with such a vast array of musical material may be indeed a matter for wonder. Numerous appliances and mechanical contrivances have been invented from time to time to render the organist's control of the instrument as complete and as convenient as possible. He operates pipes varying in length from less than an inch to thirty-two feet; and with a full chord on a large instrument calls into play some hundreds of pipes simultaneously! He can imitate the cry of a bird, the crash of thunder, the wail of the wind, the raging of the sea, the sweetness of the violin, the trumpet tones of a brass band. And who can describe the magnificent burst of harmonies awakened by the full organ—a concord of sound transcending all others for depth, power, grandeur, and beauty!

In conclusion, if I have in any way created or stimulated an interest in this noble instrument, which is to me the acme of musical media, then this article, however great its failings, will not have been penned in vain.

C. F. D.



## ALMA MATER.

We are all philosophers about this College of ours, and to some of us, after battles of life and death, it has acquired a peculiar dignity and beauty of its own. The intense love of

youth for reformation, its passion to ask and to know, inspires us to come to the Mother of All Knowledge in a mood we have never felt before, to think of the great scheme of things, the network of good and evil, the mystery, the unutterable glory, and the puzzle of humanity as we have never done before. Let us, therefore, celebrate our first session at Highfield by a dedication of our New College, in song, to the highest and best of ideals. The following little poem is an attempt to catch something of the true spirit of education and to show the ends for which we all heartily strive. May it mean in us a departure from our old complacencies and a re-conservation of our services to the great University we hope, in all fullness, to be. In scholarship and camaraderie, may our students and staff so link youth and maturity about the knee of our Mother that when we pass into the world without we take with us that inestimable blessing, a worthy attitude towards life and a true philosophy. And then, O Mother, may we know that once thy children—whether in Hut or Hostel, Hall or Home—we may ever return to thee. So be it, and we would say:—

College! we seek the fullness  
Of thy universal soul,  
To bid thee knit the mesh of life  
With art ineffable.  
Our war-toss'd youth arous'd to thought  
Burning within and overwrought,  
O Mother of Mind, from land and sea,  
In chaos brings itself to thee.

From dabbling long in devilries,  
From strange Satanic mysteries,  
We come an everlasting "Why?"  
To learn to live, and not to die.  
Our man and womanhood so stirr'd  
That we must challenge every word  
Of professorial ministry  
With philosophic agony.

Then take ye heed, O lectures,  
That throb within the brain,  
Intoxicating beauty!  
Ye bring exquisite pain,  
Surging and swelling through us  
A spiritual message fair,  
And calling forth the passion  
Which God-like meets ye there.



If mystery of Being  
 Ye clothe with majesty,  
 Be sure that Truth is garb'd within  
 Thy relativity;  
 If human action be thy theme  
 In Art or History,  
 Remember that the soul of man  
 Demands sufficiency.

If ye inspire a wonder  
 At earth and sky and sea,  
 Reveal beneath the beauties rare  
 A rationality,  
 In systems richly clear present  
 A conscious unity,  
 And searching time and space for law  
 Bring real discovery.

Though modern life in civic strife  
 Must e'en efficient be,  
 And skill be won by practice long  
 With mere machinery;  
 Yet service must, when giv'n, be free  
 From trammels of technology,  
 And yield in hand and brain agreed  
 A linked activity.

For then alone can life and love  
 Proceed in numbers from above  
 Identity with God,  
 In holy personality,  
 In blend of soul with sanctity  
 On earth angelic shod.  
 Transcendent end of work and play  
 Be thine, O University,  
 Divine intimacy!

Then thine, O seat of learning, be  
 The task to lead humanity  
 To greatness purely grand;  
 Then take us to our Faculty,  
 To noble minds and chastity,  
 To souls by genius fann'd.  
 O vision-taught maturity!  
 O Mother dear, we come to thee!

CASSANDRA.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB.

The record for the season 1919-20 has been as follows:—

## INTER-COLLEGE MATCHES.

Played 6, Won 1, Drawn 2, Lost 3. Goals for 8, Against 10.

v. Reading University College ... H. 1—3 ... A. 0—0

v. Borough Road College ... H. 0—1 ... A. 2—3

v. Winchester Training College ... H. 5—3 ... A. 0—0

Goal-scorers: Newport 5, F. Munckton 2, E. Smith 1.

These six games have produced some excellent football, and some very evenly-fought games, in one or two of which the College were unlucky to lose. Our half-back line has done some sound work; Lucas and Jenkins have on occasion been outstanding, while Kitcatt has been always consistent and safe. F. Munckton has worked hard and well in a forward line that has not fitted together too well. However, we expect many goals next season, and consequently, many revenges.

Our grand totals for the whole season have been:

						Goals.	
		P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI.	...	23	12	5	6	61	31
2nd XI.	...	9	5	2	2	35	11
3rd XI.	...	2	1	0	1	16	3

## GOAL-SCORERS.

1st XI.—Newport 16, Lucas 12, F. E. Munckton 12, Jenkins 5, Kitcatt 4, E. Smith 4, Cochrane 3, W. Munckton 1, Shepherd 1, W. C. Smith 1, Burt 1, Flux 1. Total 61.

2nd XI.—Perrin 7, Jenkins 6, Newton 3, Mr. Davis 3, I. Williams 2, L. Williams 2, Darlow 2, Matthews 2, Flux 1, F. W. Davies 1, W. C. Smith 1, Hockey 1, Bailey 1, Burt 1, Substitute 2. Total 35.

CAPS have been awarded to: Kitcatt, F. Munckton, W. Munckton, Cook, Shepherd, Cochrane, Lucas, Jenkins, and E. Smith.

T. JAGO.



## CRICKET.

Once again spring is with us, and we are all looking forward to "the season of cricket's grand revival."

An exceedingly interesting number of matches has been arranged—and at first sight it would appear that the players will get all the fielding practice they require—the most attractive, perhaps, being those v. Borough Road College, v. Reading U.C., and v. Winchester T.C.

Mr. Kitcatt is again captain, with Mr. R. Tully as his chief lieutenant. In addition, he will have at his disposal four "Old Colours," who, together with several promising juniors, should be able to give a good account of themselves.

The opening game—Juniors v. Seniors—which took place in every kind of weather—including snow!—resulted in a win for the former by 90—83. For the Juniors, Mew played a useful innings of 42, and should prove a valuable asset to the team. Sinclair also did well (17), but will probably be of more value as a bowler. It was also pleasurable to note the keenness of the Juniors in the field.

No comment is required with regard to the Seniors' performances; they were obviously not at their best.

Taking everything into account, then, we may look forward with some reason to a successful and enjoyable season—always providing, of course, that we are favoured by that little extra "bit of jam" and good weather.

L. K. L.



## SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs during the Christmas term, the activities of this Society, in common with those of other societies, were completely suspended.

A start was, however, made in the Easter term, during which an extremely successful series of four lectures was delivered—"The Chemistry of Coal," by Prof. Boyd; "Dreams," by Dr. Hill; "The Fixation of Nitrogen," by Mr. Cantelo; and "Flatland and Fourth Dimensional Space," by Prof. Watkin.

All of these were largely attended, especially that of Dr. Hill, at which one hundred and eighty students were present. On this occasion Dr. Hill kindly provided tea.

Teas before meetings were kindly supplied at the Men's Hostel, to the Committee of which this Society is extremely grateful.

H. R. C.



## THE INTER-VARSITY DEBATE AT CARDIFF.

The Inter-'Varsity Debate held on Friday, February 20th, was a great success. The subject for debate was "That youth alone can regenerate the world." There were seventeen representatives from other 'Varsities, Aberystwyth, Bangor, Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Nottingham, and Southampton being represented.

Mr. B. I. Evans, of London, very ably pleaded for the cause of the Spirit of Youth, while Mr. R. C. Roberts, of Manchester, bravely defended the "Grey-beards." The seconds were Mr. Dewi Williams, of Aberystwyth, and Mr. Mortlock, of Birmingham.

Of the delegates the following spoke: Mr. Williams (Liverpool), Miss N. Carter (Manchester), Miss M. Grant (Southampton), Mr. G. Sorton Davies (Cardiff), and Mr. Meredith Mornington (London).

The result of the division was: Affirmative, 274; Negative, 153.

A pleasant feature of the function was the hospitality extended to the delegates, who were all delighted with the arrangements made for their reception. Every Cardiff student was a host and every delegate a privileged guest. Delegates found themselves infused with the Cardiff "College spirit," without which nothing on such a large scale could have been successful.

We are a 'Varsity, too, whether we have realised it or not, and our turn must come. We must not accept the compliments of other 'Varsities unless we are prepared to do our share towards entertaining them. Can we do it next Session? All that is needed is:

1. College Spirit.
2. A Little Organisation.
3. An Organiser.

Wake up the College! Strenuis . . . . M. G.  
B. W. N.



## ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

The initial session of this Society has been an extremely successful one. This success has been entirely due to the great enthusiasm shown by our members. The Orchestra has been in attendance at all important social functions since its formation. An earnest appeal is made to all College instrumentalists to support this Society next session, when many of the present members will have gone down.

A concert has been held in conjunction with the Choral Society.

During the present term the increasing number of requests for attendance at College social gatherings indicate the popularity of the movement.

All members have shown great keenness, to which their success is undoubtedly due.

Specially are we indebted to Mr. Mann, a member of the staff, for his able assistance on the 'cello. Any other students wishing to join will be heartily welcomed.

S. E. H.



## MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

A new departure has been taken on the men's side this year, by the formation of a hockey club, which has been quite keenly supported by many of the men, including certain Engineers.

As the club was formed late in the Christmas term—having been inaugurated at a general meeting of the men on November 12th—it was impossible to obtain the use of the County Ground, and difficult to get fixtures. We were not left groundless, however, owing to the kindness of Mr. Sims, to whom our thanks are due for permission to use his field.

Seven matches were played during the season, the record being: Won 3; Lost 3, Drawn 1. Goals for 18, Goals against 14.

The first match was played at Gosport Park, on November 22nd, against Alverstoke, the College team losing 1—4. Netley Hospital just defeated us on February 11th, after a keen game, by 2 goals to 1; but the second fixture, played a fortnight later, resulted in a win for us by 3—1, both matches being played at Netley.

A normal team, got up by Messrs Luke and Luker, was defeated 8—3, and the Waverley Hockey Club, Portsmouth, was beaten 3—2 in appalling weather. A Second XI. played at Fareham on the same day (March 6th), in the same weather, and were just beaten by Price's School by 3—2.

The last game of the season was against Southsea Hockey Club, and resulted in a goalless draw. Considering the fact that the College has never before had a men's hockey club, the season was quite satisfactory; but more support will be needed if we are to have a successful season next session. It is earnestly requested that all who can play hockey should give in their names to the Secretary at the beginning of next session, with a view to getting the strongest possible team.

G. C.



## ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

At last the College Magazine is coming back to its own.

The Mag. could not be complete without a few words relative to the doings of the Engineering Society, and, alas! this has not been possible since 1914, when the Society deemed it advisable to discontinue its meetings.

Conditions having become more settled, it was considered that the time was ripe to try and collect together the Members and Associated Members of the old Society, and, at a preliminary meeting held on January 18th, it was finally decided to revive the meetings.

Accordingly, a general meeting of members and prospective members was held on February 11th, and the President, Vice-Presidents, Officers, and Committee for the new session were elected. After some offers of Papers had been received, Professor Eustice opened an informal discussion on the "Behaviour of Materials under Stress," in which many present took part.

The next ordinary meeting took place on March 3rd, when Mr. J. S. Staples read a paper on "Carburation."

On March 17th, Professor Watkin read a paper entitled "Fuzes."

A large number of proposals for new members have been received, and it is hoped to obtain a substantial increase in membership.

H. J. G.

D. R. W.

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

This year the C.U. has certainly been more active than last.

We started off with a Concert at Highfield Institute, on January 28th, the proceeds being in aid of the Student Christian Movement. There was a large and enthusiastic audience, and the sum of £10 was realised.

On February 21st Miss Aubrey very kindly allowed us to hold a Whist Drive at Highfield Hall, and the evening proved a great success, both socially and financially. We were lucky on this occasion in having two Travelling Secretaries with us, namely, Gwen Owens and Victor Murray.

Two lectures have been given during the term, one by the President of the College, on "The Old Testament," and the other by Mr. Barker, on "The Effects of Social and Economic Developments in West Africa." It is anticipated that a course of lectures dealing with various subjects nominated by the students, shall be run under the auspices of C.U.

Hostel students at Highfield Hall have been fortunate in having Prof. Lyttel to conduct Study Circles on the New Testament, and their only regret is that circumstances did not allow others to join these circles.

During the term Prayer Meetings have been held weekly, and on two occasions we have been able to have a Communion Service at Highfield Church.

L. H. H.



## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SOUTHAMPTON WAR MEMORIAL.

At a meeting of past and present students, held in the College on June 7th, 1919, it was decided to inaugurate a Memorial to those members of the College who, in the recent war, gave their lives for their country.

Further, that the Memorial shall consist of a Tablet to be erected in the new College, whereon the names of the fallen shall be inscribed; and of an exhibition which shall be endowed and from time to time awarded to enable members of the College to prosecute research work of such nature as shall assist the progress of civilisation by peaceful ways to peaceful ends.

The exact definition of the scope and purpose of this exhibition, by whom and to whom it shall be awarded, will be determined at a meeting of past and present members of the College, to be held during the next Annual Re-Union; but it is intended that this exhibition shall assist work towards the realisation of the wide ideals for which men of our College died.

A large sum of money is needed: it is hoped the response will be proportionately generous.

You can help by subscribing either in a lump sum or by instalments, by collecting from parents and friends, by forwarding to the Hon. Secretary the name and address of any old student of your acquaintance, and by sending in the name and former address of any student killed in the war, whose name you believe to be missing from the present incomplete Roll of Honour.

#### MEMBERS OF COLLEGE KILLED IN THE WAR.

R. Aplin	G. Ayles	A. Barfoot
R. P. V. Carpenter	W. Douglas	R. W. Durdle
E. Dyer	C. F. Elliott	F. J. Elton
B. C. Green	T. Gilgan	F. C. Goldring
F. Hackett	H. E. Hazeldon	W. J. Jones
B. H. Laycock	R. Lunn	E. R. Lovell
H. A. Millard	J. S. Naylor	— Oke
W. Sinclair	J. F. Sparks	T. W. Stanfield
Prof. Starkey	E. V. Shands	H. G. Thorpe
P. A. M. Watts	E. Williams	H. D. Wilson
E. H. Wood	H. F. Crook	H. G. Hallum
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MR. C. R. STEEL,  
"The Shrubbery," Bitterne Park,  
Southampton;

MR. A. DOVE,  
"Rose Cottage," Chapel Street,  
Bitterne, Southampton.



#### MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

Of course, we have had a Smoker! Thanks to the help of the Orchestra, to individual talent, and to the witticisms of the Chairman, a good programme was submitted and appreciated, and then there was the Welsh Choir. What more could be desired? The profits were handed over to the Football Committee.

But there is an evil among us. That intemperate game chess has caught on, for which one would even cut a lecture. For an hour or more two will sit at one of the Common Room tables moving

pieces from square to square, till number one leans back with a grunt of satisfaction, "Mate." And, of course, number two says, "Dear, dear! (or equivalent) I never saw that!" Ah! yes, it's a funny game; yet funnier still when, spare boards and pieces lacking, someone suggests playing with sandwiches, using a pair of socks to provide the necessary squares.



## LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

The opening of the Men's Hostel this term has been of great material assistance to College Societies. It has made it possible for teas to be provided for students at the College, and, therefore, the Societies have been able to carry out their usual programmes.

On Friday, January 23rd, the Government debated, before the Speaker, Mr. Dudley: "That, in the opinion of this House, Universities do not encourage originality." For the sake of the Juniors, Mr. Dudley explained the procedure of the College Debating Society—how it is modelled on the lines of the most important Debating Society in the country, viz., the House of Commons.

The Honourable Member for West Bromwich (Mr. T. Jago) moved that: "Universities do not encourage originality," and skilfully worked out his argument, substantiating his statements by practical illustrations from College life.

He was opposed by the Minister of Education (Mr. Dove), who showed that the leading men of the world, the most original in business firms, politics, etc., were University men. The Honourable Member for Highfield Hall (Miss Sears) supported Mr. Jago, and the Honourable Member for Bitterne Park (Miss Adams) supported Mr. Dove. After a spirited debate, in which many juniors showed great promise, a division was taken.

For the Government	...	...	43
Against	...	...	25
Majority	...	...	18

On Friday, February 6th, the House debated before the Deputy-Speaker, Mr. Kelly: "That this House approved of the principle that men and women should receive equal pay for equal work."

The Honourable Member for Highfield Hall, B.O.G., moved the proposition, and said that the question was given prominence by the necessity for women to enter during the war all sorts of spheres of work which hitherto had been man's monopoly.

The Honourable Member for Cardiff (Mr. Nobes) opposed the motion, laying stress on the fact that women were physically incapable of reaching the same standard as men, and were therefore not justified in asking for equal pay.



The two leaders were ably supported by the Honourable Member for Suffolk (Mr. Hughes) and the Honourable Member for the Women's Hostel (Miss Smythe).

The division was taken after a short debate.

For the Government	...	...	49
Against	...	...	45
			<hr/>
Majority	...	...	4
			<hr/>

The College Society has been able, thanks to the generosity of the Principal and Mr. Montefiore, to send delegates to Inter-Varsity debates in other Colleges. On January 30th Mr. Taylor and Miss Sears went to Manchester, and on February 20th Mr. Nobes and Miss M. Grant went to Cardiff. Reports of these debates will be found elsewhere.

On Tuesday, February 17th, the College visited the Avenue Debating Society.

SYDNEY A. AKHURST, Secretary.



## THE DEBATE AT MANCHESTER.

The thanks of all interested in debating are due to Dr. Hill, whose generosity enabled two delegates to proceed to Manchester on January 29th for an Inter-Varsity Debate, held under the auspices of the Guild of Undergraduates. There were thirty-four delegates in all, from near and far, fourteen of the fair, and twenty of what (after recent remarks on "Equal Pay") might be called the unfair sex.

The Southampton delegates had come from much further than any of the others, and were, except those from Cardiff, the only pilgrims from the South of England. Mantonians therefore greeted us with particular pride and pleasure; a rumour even arose that we had spent "three days ploughing through the snow," and the general impression seemed to be that after such a feat as ours, delegates from Mars would be looked for at our next conference.

And the debate? Well, it began as a rag. The hon. proposer of the motion (an Irishman) movingly represented the woes of the tender ingenuous young fresher whose originality is crushed within him when he enters the portals of a University. This pathetic picture evoked wails and sobs of "Poor little chap! Oh, Mother! Mother!" About half-way through the debate the ragging party made an imposing exit, and there was still time for a few neat little speeches. A lady who reminded us that the average Professor, far from suppressing originality, was only too glad to avail himself of any signs of it that appeared, probably did most to turn the day in favour of the opposition. The debate was followed by a dinner, and a dance lasting till 2 a.m.

In conclusion, the delegates cannot help acknowledging with the greatest pleasure the courtesy and consideration which were extended to them on all sides in Manchester Union.

P. S.

R. E. T.

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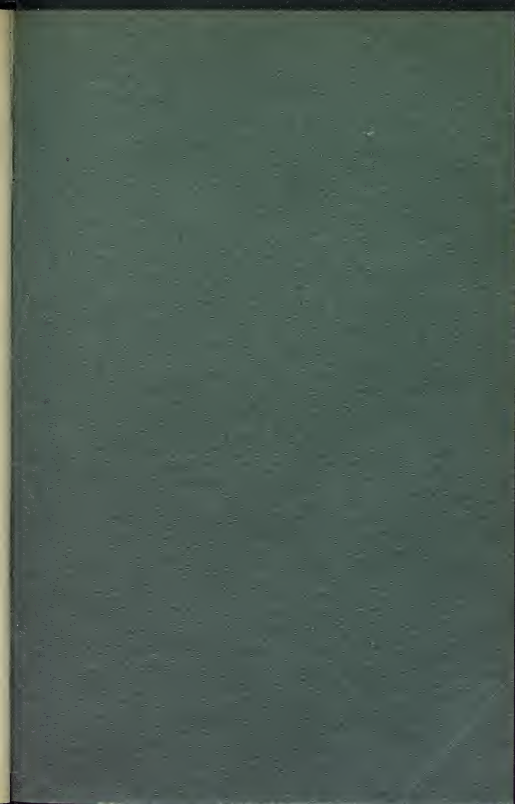
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